

The TATLER



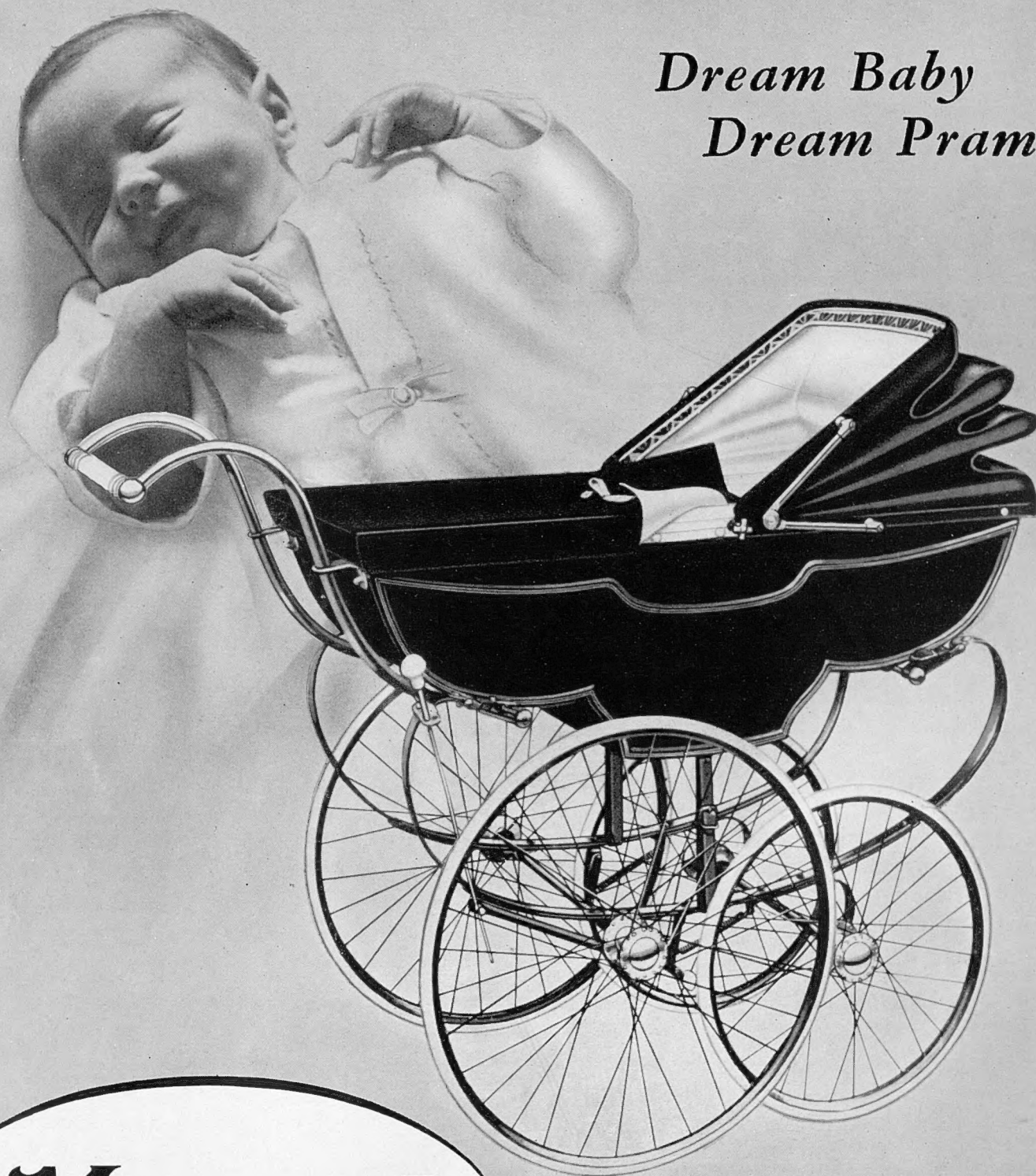
FEB. 5, 1958

& BYSTANDER



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MRS. FRANK MORE O'FERRALL is the daughter of Mr. A. H. M. Jackson, D.L., J.P., heir to his brother Sir George Jackson, Bt., and a sister of Viscountess Cowdray. Her husband is head of a bloodstock agency and they visit the United States every year in this connection. Mrs. More O'Ferrall is leaving shortly for a ski-ing holiday. The More O'Ferralls have three daughters, Susan, ten; Theresa, seven; and Emma, one and a half. Cover photograph by Yevonde

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From February 5 to February 12

Feb. 5 (Wed.) First night: Sir John Gielgud in *The Potting Shed*, presented by the New Watergate Theatre Club at the Globe Theatre.

Opera: Verdi's *Rigoletto* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

Steeplechasing at Haydock Park.

Feb. 6 (Thu.) T.R.H. the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra will attend the royal world première of *A Tale Of Two Cities* at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, in aid of the Animal Health Trust.

Steeplechasing at Haydock Park and Wincanton.

Feb. 7 (Fri.) Cruft's Dog Show (two days) at Olympia.

Opera: *The Carmelites* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

Hunt Balls: The Cotswold Hunt Ball; the Grafton Hunt Ball.

Steeplechasing at Hurst Park.

Feb. 8 (Sat.) Rugby Football: England v. Ireland at Twickenham.

Steeplechasing at Hurst Park, Taunton and Wetherby.

Feb. 9 (Sun.) Concert: The London Symphony Orchestra, conductor George Weldon, soloist Richard Farrell, in a Beethoven programme, 7.30 p.m. at the Royal Albert Hall.

Feb. 10 (Mon.) Steeplechasing at Warwick.

Feb. 11 (Tue.) The Queen will hold an Investiture at Buckingham Palace.

Opera: Last performance this season of *Aida*, at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

Concert: The Philharmonia Orchestra, soloist Rosalyn Tureck, in a Bach programme at the Royal Festival Hall.

First night: *Epitaph For George Dillon* at the Royal Court Theatre.

Feb. 12 (Wed.) The Queen and Prince Philip will visit the restored Charterhouse in the City; His Royal Highness will later attend the première of the film *Don't Go Near The Water* in aid of the National Playing Fields Association at the Empire Theatre, Leicester Square.

Coursing: Waterloo Cup (to 14th) at Altcar, Lancashire.

Opera: Last performance this season of *Peter Grimes* at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden.

The Winter Ball at the Dorchester. Steeplechasing at Newbury.

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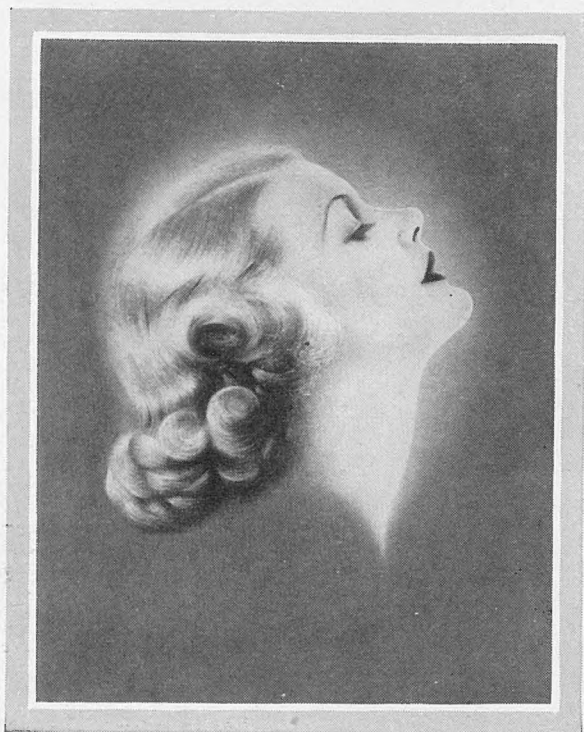
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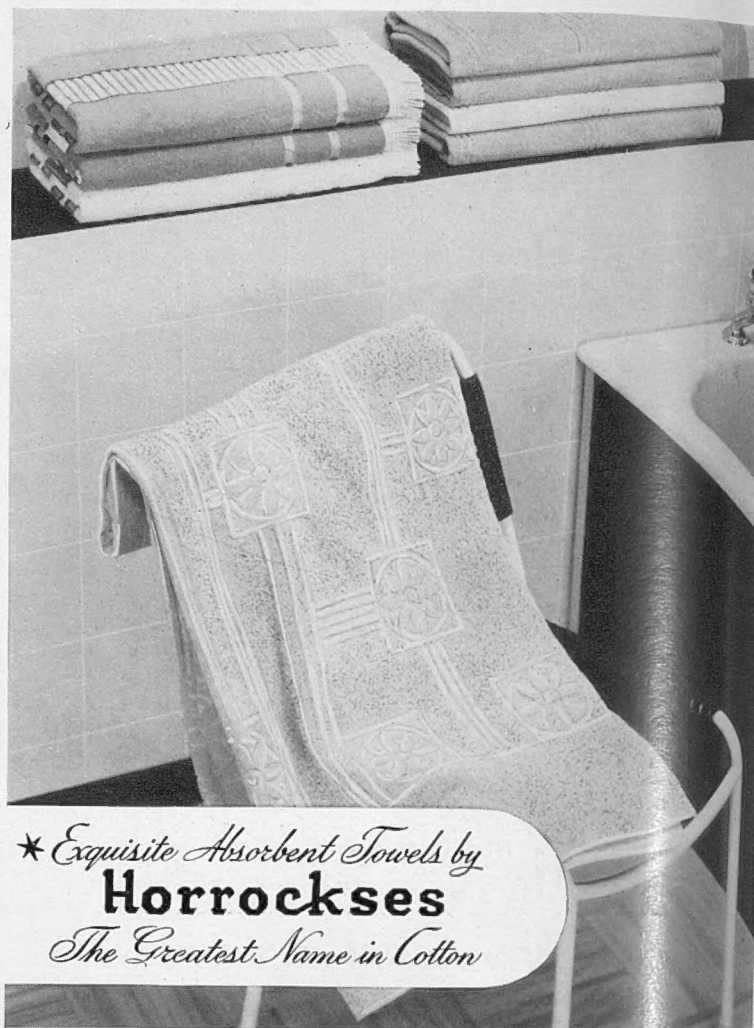
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The Queen's cousin and his family

THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES, younger son of H.R.H. the Princess Royal and first cousin of Her Majesty the Queen, is seen with his wife and their son, Henry Ulick, who will be five years old in May. Before her marriage in 1952, Mrs. Lascelles was Miss Angela

Dowding, daughter of Lady Fox and stepdaughter of Sir John Fox, of Wickham, near Newbury. The Hon. Gerald Lascelles and his family were photographed with Tokie, the King Charles spaniel, in the drawing-room at Fort Belvedere, their house at Virginia Water, Surrey



Desmond O'Neill

STAFFORDSHIRE'S WEDDING OF THE WINTER

INGESTRE HALL, the lovely home of the Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury, was lent for the reception after the wedding of Mr. P. A. M. Gell, son of Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Philip Gell, of Hopton Hall, Wirksworth, Derbyshire, and Miss Virginia Todd, daughter of the late Major H. R. Todd, and of Mrs. H. G. V. Greer, of Little Ingestre, Stafford. The wedding took place at the Collegiate Church of St. Mary, Stafford, and the bride and bridegroom (above) afterwards greeted 400 guests, including many who came from London



Lord and Lady Melchett and their son, the Hon. Peter Mond



Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Philip Gell, the bridegroom's parents



Miss Susan Berry, Miss Roseann Madden and Miss Stephanie Todd, sister of the bride, were bridesmaids

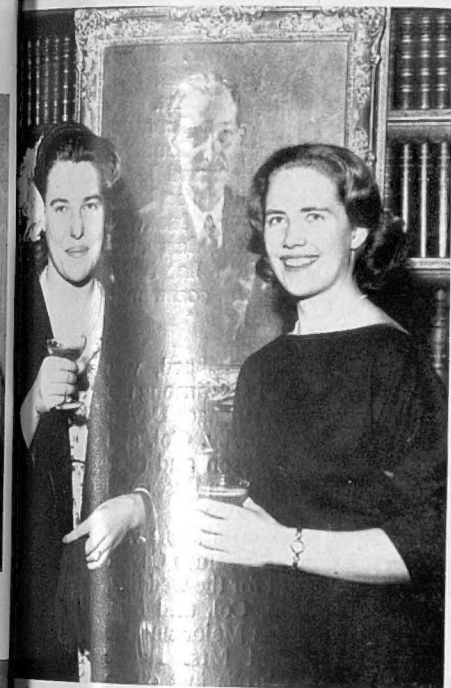


Mrs. H. G. V. Greer, the bride's mother, with the Earl of Shrewsbury and Mr. H. G. V. Greer

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Viscount Ingestre and his sister, Lady Marguerite Chetwynd-Talbot, who were bridal attendants



Mrs. Frederick Nettelfold was with Miss Deirdre Heber-Percy



Miss Tessa Williams with her fiancé, Mr. Michael Preece



Lord and Lady Stafford with their children, the Hons. Francis and Aileen Fitzherbert



Lord and Lady Bagot and (right) Mrs. E. D. Giffard



Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Crean came from London for the wedding



Mr. and Mrs. John Rodney and (right) Mr. Peter Houldsworth-Hunt

Social Journal

A LIFE GUARDS WEDDING

Jennifer



Mrs. Fraser, Mr. Peter Fraser and Mme. C. Dumont at the Embassy reception

VASES of scarlet poinsettias, mixed only with white lilac and white arum lilies, looked very beautiful in Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, for the marriage of Major Christopher Philipson, the Life Guards, son of the late Major T. Philipson and Mrs. Richard Jessel, to Miss Mary Macdonald-Buchanan, younger daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Reggie Macdonald-Buchanan. The bride looked lovely wearing a dress of white satin, with exquisite embroidery on the full skirt which fell into a long train, and which had been designed and made by Worth. Her tulle veil was held in place by a flower spray diamond tiara, and she carried a bouquet of white camellias.

There was a small page, who wore a white shirt and long white trousers with a red cummerbund. He was the bridegroom's two-year-old nephew Nicholas Till, whose father the Rev. Barry Till conducted the service. There was a child bridesmaid, Fiona Macdonald-Buchanan, niece of the bride, who wore a long white dress with a red sash, and six older bridesmaids, Miss Rose Lycett Green, Miss Joanna Philipson, Lady Lily Serena Lumley, Lady Melissa Wyndham-Quin, Miss Jennifer Mackinnon, and Miss Mary Morrison. They all looked most attractive wearing short red paper taffeta dresses with red velvet hairbands, and carried sheaves of red amaryllis lilies, orchids and coloured freesias.

As the bride and bridegroom left the church, they passed through a guard of honour of men of the bridegroom's regiment, immaculate, and a lovely splash of colour, in their scarlet tunics.

After the ceremony there was a reception at the Hyde Park Hotel, where Major and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan received the guests with the bridegroom's stepfather and mother Mr. and Mrs. Richard Jessel. This was an exceptionally happy and gay party, so many friends being present from the hunting, racing and sailing world, and past and present officers and men of the Household Cavalry and their wives with a number of tenants and employees. As soon as the bride and bridegroom had finished shaking hands with their guests, they went round the reception rooms talking to friends. After they had cut their wedding cake, everyone drank the health of the young couple, but

there were no speeches. Among members of the two families I saw Captain John and Lady Rose Macdonald-Buchanan, Mr. James Macdonald-Buchanan, Major and Mrs. Roger Humphreys, Mr. and Mrs. Barry Till, and Sir Gervase and Lady Tennyson d'Eyncourt.

The Earl of Westmorland was there, also his mother Diana Countess of Westmorland. I met the Countess of Scarbrough, the Countess of Durham and her son the Hon. John Lambton, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, both in great form, Sir Rupert and the Hon. Lady Hardy, Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, M.F.H., Mrs. Terence Maxwell and her daughter Valerie, and Col. the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Berry, the latter looking very attractive wearing a mink jacket over her black dress; he returns to Cyprus next week where he is at present commanding the Blues.

MRS. BROCAS BURROWS, escorted by her tall son Richard, was talking to the Marchioness of Cambridge. Others I saw among the many guests were Violet Viscountess Allendale, Lady Rachael Davidson, Col. and Mrs. Callahan, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby, Col. and Mrs. Douglas Forster, and Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson and their younger son Simon. The Gibsons are selling their house in Essex and going to live permanently at their Newmarket home.

Also present was the Hon. Mrs. du Buisson, over on a short visit from her home in Ireland, Lady Cayzer and her son Sir James Cayzer who had flown down from Scotland the previous night for the wedding, Col. and Mrs. Gerard Leigh, Mrs. Hugh Goodson, Col. and Mrs. Philip Cripps, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Marsh—he trains Major and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan's racehorses—and Mrs. Reggie Sheffield with her two pretty daughters, Serena, who is just off to Mexico for a six weeks visit, and Fiona, who was a débutante last year, and is having her coming out dance at Normanby Park, their home in Lincolnshire, this summer.

Other young people there included the Duke of Atholl, the Marchioness of Waterford, Lord and Lady Carnegie, Miss Patricia Swinley looking very attractive, Mr. Peregrine Bertie, Miss Sonia Pilkington and Lady Anne Nevill, both also full of fun and looking very attractive, too, the Hon. Elizabeth Nall-Cain, Captain and Mrs. Mark Jeffreys, Mr. Obbie Waller.



Major and the Hon. Mrs. Mark Milbank with Miss Evelyn Prebensen



Mme. Vincens de Steensen-Leth and Miss Julie de Steensen-Leth



Lord Mancroft, Mrs. Noble, and Commander Alan Noble, M.P.

Viscount Galway, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Worthington, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dunne, Mr. Robert de Pass and his very pretty wife, the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, Sir Anthony and Lady Doughty-Tichborne, Mrs. Jocelyn Stevens, pretty in a lovely shade of lavender, Mr. Jamie Judd, Mrs. Euan McCorquodale, Miss Elizabeth Abel Smith, Mrs. Billy Abel Smith, Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie, only back the previous day from Kenya where he had been playing cricket with the M.C.C. team, and Captain Ronald Ferguson who was the best man.

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THE Luxembourg Ambassador and Mme. Clasen, two of the most popular members of the Diplomatic Corps in London, always entertain in the most charming manner and everyone looks forward to and enjoys their parties. They recently gave a reception at Claridge's to celebrate the birthday of the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg, which was attended by several hundred friends. These included a number of members of both Houses of Parliament, of the Diplomatic Corps, and leading personalities in many spheres. The Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, was there, and among others I saw the Venezuelan Ambassador and Mme. Dagnino, the Italian Ambassador and the German Ambassador. Mr. and Mrs. Ross (he is at the Foreign Office) were talking to Lord and Lady Mancroft, and nearby Mrs. Boyd-Carpenter and Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian were conversing with Mrs. de Sola and her daughter Mrs. Jessica de Pass.

The Earl and Countess of Beauchamp, the Canadian High Commissioner and Mrs. Drew, the Agent-General for Ontario and Mrs. Armstrong, Lord and Lady Kilmarnock, Sir Charles and Lady Petrie and Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P. were just a few of those I met at this very good party which, alas, I have no more space to write about.

Several of Mme. Clasen's guests had been to a very small party which M. and Mme. Manuel Bianchi gave in the flat they have taken in Claridge House. M. Bianchi, who is looking extremely fit and well, was Chilean Ambassador here for many years, and his lovely wife one of the leading diplomatic hostesses. Since he left London he has been conducting a very successful business life, and as they sent their young children to school in England last September Mme. Bianchi has spent the winter here. Her husband, who joined the family party for Christmas, hopes to stay here yet another month.

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THE Hon. Ardyne Knollys, daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Knollys, chose a beautiful wedding dress of cream brocade patterned with a silver thread, and a tulle veil held in place by a diamond bandeau for her marriage to Mr. Ronald Owen, only son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Owen, at St. James's, Spanish Place. She made a lovely picture as she walked down the aisle with her husband, a radiant young couple, followed by a retinue of tiny children and one bridesmaid, Miss Patricia Barry, who, like the child bridesmaids, wore a red velvet dress with a matching Alice headband. The little girls were Sarah Coats, Sally Scott and Jane Dolbey, whose brother Alexander Dolbey was a page, with Sandy Coats and Henry Hyde-Thomson. The boys wore cream silk shirts with red velvet trousers.

After the ceremony Viscount and Viscountess Knollys held a very happy reception at Claridge's where they received about seven hundred guests with the bridegroom's parents. Both Lady Knollys and Mrs. Owen looked charming in blue. After the young couple had cut their wedding cake, the bride's uncle Colonel Jimmy Coats asked the guests to join in drinking the health of Ardyne and Ronald.

Among the large number of guests who had come to wish them happiness were the Kabaka of Buganda, who came over specially for



EMBASSY RECEPTION

H.E. THE LUXEMBOURG AMBASSADOR and Mme. Clasen (above) gave a reception at Claridge's in honour of the anniversary of H.R.H. the Grand Duchess of Luxembourg. There were 300 guests



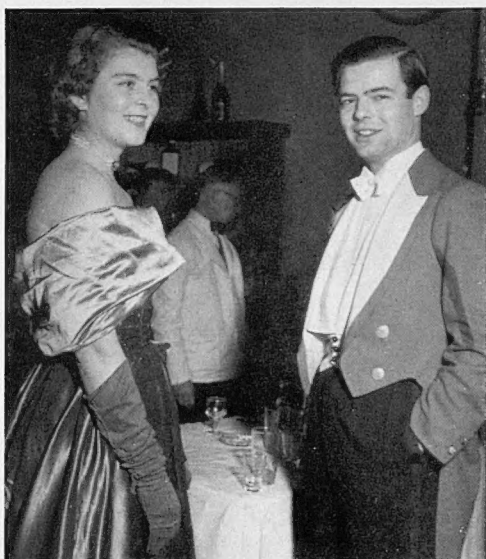
Lady Mancroft and Lord Mancroft were here with Mrs. A. Schicht



Mr. C. H. de Sausmarez, Lady Knatchbull-Hugessen and Mrs. de Sausmarez



Mme. B. Leps with Mr. and Mrs. S. de Schwarzburg-Gunter were also among the guests



Miss Ailsa Smith-Maxwell and Mr. Humphrey Swire



Mrs. Peter Matthey talking to Mr. Obbie Waller



Capt. and Mrs. C. Radcliffe were also ball guests

the wedding, Lady Amy Coats, the bride's brother the Hon. David Knollys who was among the ushers in the church, Capt. Hugh Knollys, R.N., Maj-Gen. and Mrs. Poett, Mrs. Hyde-Thomson whose small son was a page, Lord and Lady Weeks and their daughter the Hon. Mrs. Plunkett-Erle-Drax, and Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril and Lady Douglas-Pennant who were talking to Lady Micklem. Also Mr. Henry Tiarks just back from yet another trip to America, Air Chief Marshal Sir William Elliot talking to Mrs. Victor Cavendish-Bentinck, whose husband has just been out on a business trip to Indonesia, General and Mrs. Charles Dunphie, Lord and Lady Kindersley whom I met talking to Mrs. Terence Maxwell and her daughter Valerie, Mr. Lionel Fraser, Lady Baillieu wearing a lovely blue mink stole over her dress, Sir Bede Clifford, Lord and Lady Dudley Gordon, Mrs. Robin Boyd just back from Kenya, and her mother Mrs. Barclay, and Lady Delves Broughton with her mother-in-law Vera Lady Broughton, who told me she was shortly off to Nassau to stay with Mrs. Frederick Sigrist in her charming home.

Among other friends there were Mr. Teddy Remington-Hobbs, Mr. John Adams, Lady Mary Stopford, Miss Rosemary Norrie, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. John Partridge, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hildyard and her brother Mr. Michael Belmont who was off the following day with his wife to ski at Kitzbühl. Mrs. Hildyard told me that their grandmother Gladys Lady Kindersley, widow of the first Lord Kindersley, was shortly flying out to Algeciras to stay at the very comfortable Reina-Christina Hotel where she hoped to get some sunshine for a few weeks.

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I WENT to a most enjoyable cocktail party given by Miss Evie Prebensen, the very charming only daughter of the doyen of the Diplomatic Corps, the Norwegian Ambassador and Mme. Prebensen. This took place at the Norwegian Embassy in Palace Green where Miss Prebensen returned to her parents in time for Christmas after spending nearly a year in Portugal, where she worked at the Pakistan Embassy. She is an exceptionally efficient young lady and was invaluable to the Embassy, especially during the time of the Royal Visit and the visit of the President of Pakistan. Now all her many friends hope that she will be in London for a while. Among the guests were the delightful Portuguese Ambassador whom I met talking to Mr. Michael Cubitt, that very gay and active couple the Philippine Ambassador and Mme. Guerrero who are near neighbours of the Prebensens, with their Embassy only a few houses away, and the tall and always elegant Princess of Berar whom I had met three days previously in Geneva Airport on her way back by air, she told me, from Bombay.

Other friends in the Diplomatic Corps included the Vizconde de Priego from the Spanish Embassy, Señor and Señora Capurro from the Uruguayan Embassy, the Conte and Contessa Borromeo and Signor and Signora La Rocca from the Italian Embassy, and Captain and Mrs. Stang, M. and Mme. Blakistard and Mr. Jorgen Mathiesen, who are all on the Norwegian Embassy staff.



VISCOUNTESS BOYNE, formerly Miss Rosemary Stucley, came to the Heythrop ball from her home in Shropshire. She is here with Miss Tessa Morris

To mention a few more of the guests enjoying this very good party in the fine drawing room of the Embassy (which was not overcrowded and where the charming and very efficient young hostess took great trouble in introducing her guests), there were Lord and Lady Aberdare, the Hon. Robin and Mrs. Warrender, Captain Eddie Boylan whose parents are so hospitable at their home near Dublin, and Count Alfonse Kinsky and his wife who have recently returned from Toronto to make their home in London, which they will no doubt find much gayer. Also present were the newly married Mr. Joseph and the Hon. Mrs. Czernin whose marriage at St. James's, Spanish Place, followed by a reception at the Dorchester, was quite the most beautiful of the autumn weddings.

Mrs. John Carras who has such a charming house in Avenue Road, Mr. William de Gelsey, and Vicomte d'Orthez whose wife Moira Lister is playing the lead in *Paddle Your Own Canoe*, the very amusing play at the Criterion Theatre.

Mme. Prebensen was present, and with her charming personality was helping her daughter but not acting as hostess, and M. Prebensen came in for a short while to greet friends at this very happy and delightful party.

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ANECDOTES and recollections of the R.A.F. in the war days were often the topic of conversation at a cocktail party given in the library at Londonderry House to celebrate the publication of an exciting and revealing book called *Evidence In Camera* by Constance Babington-Smith, and published by Chatto & Windus. The author, who received the guests, looking charming in a black faille dress, joined the W.A.A.F. in 1940, in 1941 began the Aircraft Section of the Central Interpretation Unit and was in charge of it throughout its expansion until 1945. This book tells how Photographic Intelligence works and what it means. It was largely thanks to the personal intelligence and accuracy of the author that the site of the first flying bomb to be launched was located.

Among those who came to the party were the Minister of Defence the Rt. Hon. Duncan Sandys, Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor, Air Chief Marshal Sir William and Lady Elliot, Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert de la Ferté, Air Marshal Sir Victor Goddard, and Lady Charlotte Bonham Carter, who also did splendid intelligence work in this line during the war.

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AROUND 900 tickets were sold for the Heythrop Hunt Ball held for the second time at Blenheim Palace, which the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough had kindly lent for the occasion. Unfortunately, it was one of the coldest nights of the winter with snow on the ground, so that the vast baronial hall and the small corner of the Palace open for the evening never got warm, although I heard that the heating had been on for four days before. To everyone's dismay, when they went down to supper in the lower ground floor, hoping to warm up, there was no hot dish or even any hot soup, in



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Mr. Ian Malcolmson, in hunt evening dress, with the Hon. Mrs. R. Strutt and Mr. Tony Sheldon



fact the so-called cold buffet supper, without enough space to sit down, was a pretty good shambles!

Dancing took place in the beautiful setting of the Long Library, but even in here I saw many women dancing with furs round their shoulders. The three very popular joint-Masters Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon, Capt. Ronnie Wallace and Lt.-Col. Raymond Barrow, were all present, also Mr. Duncan Mackinnon, Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Barrow. This time with Capt. Wallace hunting hounds, has enjoyed excellent sport for the last five seasons, and happily the three Masters are carrying on.

I did not see the Duke of Marlborough at the ball, but I caught sight of the Duchess, at one moment walking through the big hall wearing a fur-lined waterproofed duffle coat over her ballet length elephant brown tulle dress! The Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford were dancing, and I saw his second sister Lady Caroline Waterhouse. Adjacent Masters of hounds there included Major Philip Profumo from the Warwickshire, Major W. W. B. Scott from the Old Berkshire, who brought his daughter Maxine and a party, and Mr. Miles Gosling from the Bicester, who were having their hunt ball the following week. Lt.-Col. John Chamberlayne, the Hon. Secretary of the Heythrop Hunt, was there with Mrs. Chamberlayne, also Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Mackinnon who were shortly off to Jamaica, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Dunfee, Mr. and Mrs. Keith Cameron, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Radcliffe, Mr. Antony Norman, who was flying out shortly to join his wife in Jamaica, Mr. Peter Kenyon and his attractive wife, and that popular American couple Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Don, who brought Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Phillips; he is an Attaché at the American Embassy.

Among the large number of young people dancing I saw the Duke of Kent, Mr. John Mackinnon who is a brother officer in the Scots Greys, Miss Jennifer Mackinnon, Miss Katherine Worsley, Miss Jennifer Nelson with a most attractive new hair-do, Miss Clare Mount, Mr. Waller, Miss Sarah Hulse, Miss Gay Tregoning and Capt. and Mrs. Edward Hulse.

ON the following evening Mr. and Mrs. Angus Hood gave a very big tail party at their charming home at Bledington, where they had built out a pink and white lined marquee for the occasion. The host and hostess (the latter was off to stay with friends in Florida a few days later) received their guests in the drawing-room, where Mrs. Hood had arranged a cradle of exquisite orchids and cyclamen. In the marquee she had also cleverly arranged a bank of pink and white hyacinths and pink and white cyclamen. Mr. David Hood was there to help his parents look after their guests who numbered about 200. The three joint-Masters of the Heythrop Hunt and many guests who were at the ball were at this good party, which was very gay and really went with a swing, I met the Hon. Mrs. James Baird who rides so well side saddle, and is always outstandingly well turned out in the hunting field or show ring, also Mr. William Pilkington, one of the joint-Masters of the Bicester, and his wife, Lt.-Col. Eddie Studd, Lady Jane Nelson, Col. and Mrs. Ted Lyon, and Mr. Pat Dennis.

I also saw Mr. and Mrs. David Summers, Brig. "Roscoe" Harvey, and Mrs. Kent with her daughter Miss Jane Kent, who told me what a wonderfully interesting time she had during her visit to America and Canada.

On the Sunday I enjoyed a delightful fork luncheon party given by Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Don, at The Hays, Ramsden, a most charming Cotswold house. Besides their house guests, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Phillips, I met Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Watney who had come over from their lovely home Cornberry Park, Col. and Mrs. John Christian, Mrs. John Butler, and Mr. and Mrs. Fondares who came with their host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Charles Petrie, who have the Dower House at Heythrop. Also Major Charles Cromwell of the U.S.A.F., and his wife, and Major Vivian Wallace of the Welsh Guards who is Regimental Adjutant, and came with his brother Capt. Ronnie Wallace and Mrs. Wallace.

THE HEYTHROP BALL

BLENHEIM PALACE, Woodstock, was lent by the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough for the very well-attended Heythrop Hunt Ball. Above, the Marquess of Blandford with Capt. R. Wallace, joint-Master and huntsman



Miss Catherine Brocklehurst, Mr. R. E. Buscall and Mr. T. Holland-Martin



G/Capt. T. E. Burgess, Mrs. Johnson and W/Cdr. B. B. Johnson, Mrs. West and S/Ldr. A. G. West, and Mrs. T. E. Burgess, from the R.A.F., Bicester



AT KLOSTERS AND DAVOS

HOLIDAYMAKERS are enjoying the sun and the snow at the neighbouring Swiss resorts of Klosters and Davos. Above: Mr. A. N. Carruthers and Mrs. G. Oversby preparing to ski down the long run to Davos from the highest point of the famous Parsenn Railway



Miss Rima Shaw-Kennedy and Miss Doone Plunket on the slopes high above Davos



Mr. Darel Carey, the Hon. Timothy Jessel and the Earl of Erne at Gotschnagrat



*Miss Margaret Pitman with the Hon.
Caroline Lawson-Johnston*



*Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Ingram with their
daughters Molly and Vivian*



*Brig. O. L. Prior-Palmer, M.P., and Mrs. Prior-
Palmer at the top of the Klosters-Gotschna ski-lift*



*Mr. and Mrs. S. Harris Wright near the Parsenn
Hut just below the Parsenn Furka ski-lift*

George König



*Mr. and Mrs. Michael Ingram, Mr. Sandy Courage and
Mr. Andrew Ingram*



Illustration by F. W. Capon

ANN RUSHTON writes (with *Cruft's Show*, February 7-8, in mind) of the tribulations her poodle *Coco* provoked when she rashly took him to training class to better his deportment



Another poodle, *Figaro*, shows *Coco* the way how

A crazy, mixed-up dog gets all the fun

THEY were wonderful dogs on the television programme my husband and I were watching that night. Fascinated, we saw these trained dogs walking beside their owners, stopping when they stopped, turning when they turned, responding at once to the slightest word of command. Then our grey miniature poodle, *Coco*, came bounding exuberantly into the room to see what we were doing and knocked over the coffee tray standing between us. My husband leapt to his feet to mop up the coffee running down his trousers, and looked from the dogs on the screen to *Coco*. "Why?" he asked acidly. "Why for heaven's sake don't you train that pomponned poodle of yours? None of the dogs on that programme would put their paws in the coffee cups, and look at the way he behaves when you take him out! Nearly pulls your arm out, if he's on the lead, and chases cats if you let him off."

The next day I rang up our local dog-training class and asked about joining. A kind voice answered, and assured me optimistically that *Coco* would soon learn elementary obedience. Would I come along on Thursday evening with him?

It was late when I finally found my way to the hall where the classes were held, and as I looked through the glass top of the door I saw a strange sight. A dozen men and women of all ages and assorted sizes, from a girl in red slacks to a little man with thinning hair combed in streaks across his scalp, were slowly walking backwards in a row. Each had staring eyes fixed rigidly in front and a forefinger held out, and their mouths were moving though I could hear no sound through the door. Did this mean that I had come to the wrong place, and that this was a drama class practising some tense scene? I opened the door cautiously and saw below the level of the glass a row of dogs sitting staring back at their owners, and being hypnotized into staying where they had been put.

Coco and I were welcomed by a large, brisk, military man, who introduced himself as the trainer, and put us straight into a ring of novice handlers walking round and round with their dogs at heel, and halting on command from the trainer in the middle. He expected parade ground response from us all, and as the owner stopped, the dog was supposed to sit automatically. *Coco* looked round in amazement when I pushed his woolly behind to the ground. This exercise went on for twenty minutes or so, until I was hot and scarlet in the face from bending down to put him right each time we halted. The only person who was in worse trouble was a stout lady in a flowered dress who had to sight along the floor with one eye to make sure that her corgi was not still standing, as sitting made so little difference to his appearance.



Then we were told to put the dogs in a row and make them sit, while I tried to back away leaving them sitting. I found myself staring at Coco to will him to stay as I had seen the others doing when I first arrived. I held out an admonitory finger, but he rose to sniff at my outstretched hand with interest, and we had to begin again from the beginning. In the end I sat down and Coco walked away and left me sitting. It seemed much easier like that.

At the end of the evening I crawled home exhausted by my efforts while Coco raced joyously round me. I realized that we still had a lot to learn.

We practised hard at the subsequent classes, and after a while progressed to the retrieve. For this we used a piece of wood with a cotton reel at each end to make a dumb-bell. I showed it to Coco who looked at it without any sign of emotion, and then threw it a little way off and gave the command "Fetch." So far, so good. Coco moved daintily down the hall towards the dumb-bell and sniffed at it. Then, ignoring my sycophantic cries of "Good boy, come here, good dog!" he went to talk to a pretty blonde scummiel at the other end of the hall. That was the nearest we got to performing this exercise, the other times he never even stopped to sniff at the dumb-bell.

THEY got used to Coco and me as the classes went on. In fact I think that they would have missed a lot of fun without us. We were even useful to them one night when there was a contest with a neighbouring training club. Normally we wouldn't have been in the team for the competition, which was usually composed of suave Alsations with a couple of collies and a talented labrador. These exalted dogs were seen occasionally at the far end of the hall performing some very advanced convolutions with their owners hissing and snapping their fingers beside them by way of command, but today flu had laid these owners low. I am quite sure the dogs would have put up a very good show alone, but the owners seemed to feel they should have a hand in it. Anyway, in order not to let the other club down they put us in the team to make up the numbers.

"You'd better go in last," said the trainer dubiously eyeing Coco.

The other dogs went through their paces well, with slight faults here and there which the judge marked up on a blackboard. Then I had to walk with Coco at heel. The hall was quiet as we stepped forward, but Coco seemed to sense the importance of the occasion. The lead felt correctly slack in my hand, and my hopes rose—until I looked down and saw Coco perched up on his hind legs with his front paws waving in the air as he teetered along like a

girl on too-high heels. He realized that a special effort was needed and was doing his best.

The judge was at loss to know how to mark us, because the rules said nothing about the number of legs the dog had to use, so we all went on the "Stay" test. We left the dogs lying down in a row and went out of sight for three minutes. It seemed endless, and when at last we were allowed to file back it was wonderful to see that none of them had moved. Not even Coco. "Call your dogs," said the judge. We faced them and called. They all came except mine.

HE was asleep, tired out after his efforts. The judge's eyes were on me as I called again, but it was no good. I had to go and tap Coco on the shoulder to rouse him. The judge was not impressed, one felt. The visiting team won, but the trainer was very nice about it.

I feel that I have learned a lot at these classes—how to walk to heel, how to sit and stay, and how to do the retrieve. Next year I hope to teach my dog too.



C. M. Cooke

Some of the dogs who have taken their training seriously, on working trials at Bexley, Kent

Roundabout

PRESS CUTTINGS IN THE REDS' BLACK BOOK

William Douglas Home

THIS is my first appearance in The TATLER in print. But not, alas, in photographs. Over the past twenty-five years, I have appeared in black and white at regular intervals at first nights, dances, race meetings and shooting parties. Only once, on the first night of my first play, did a kindly but mistaken caption-writer shelter me under the pseudonym of Mr. John Wills. Otherwise, in black tie and dinner jacket, in white tie and tails, in check suit and overcoat, in plus-fours and cap, I have faced the music under my own name.

You know the kind of thing: "Playwright William Douglas Home receiving the congratulations of a friend" under a picture of a theatrical manager, with the boss still ringing in his ears, informing me that I've just lost him £5,000 in two hours. "The Honourable William Douglas Home enjoying a joke with Lady Hermione Wotherspoon" under a picture of myself and a débutante sitting out a dance on the stairs, each longing to get away from the other—she, because she thinks I'm slightly tight and I, because I know I am. "Mr. William Douglas Home and his honey-blonde wife picking the winners" under a picture of myself at Goodwood Races being told by my wife that as I'm sixty-five pounds down and we haven't paid for the new refrigerator I'm not to bet any more. "Mr. William Douglas Home's well-trained retriever bringing in a high one" under a picture of myself screaming madly at a runaway dog with a rabbit in its mouth.

I'm not complaining, mark you. Press photographers (and Mr. Swaebe and his son are no exceptions) have to live. And yet I cannot help concluding that publicity of this kind has its social dangers—not to say, political. I, myself, am doubtless lucky since it is more or less generally known that I am a playwright by profession and therefore not expected to work more than a week or two in every two or three years. But what about my co-photographees? What about the peers and stockbrokers and bankers and beautiful young women caught, as always, by photographers at Ascot, in the South of France, or on the grouse moors? What of them? No caption tells us that they are on holiday. So far as we, the great British public, crowded into dentists' waiting-rooms all over the country, nursing a rotten tooth and feverishly turning the pages of last month's TATLER to ease the pain, are concerned, they are all spivs.

"Lord So-and-So on Hunt Cup day," "The Duke of Kingston in the butts," "The Earl of Sodawater sunbathing at Cannes," "Miss Wilhelmina Fitzhugh-Somerset and friend sit out the waltz." All spivs. On holiday from Monday until Saturday, with Sunday off for golf, four weeks a month and twelve months in the year. That's what they are, of course—V.I.P.s in reverse, which (as I once discovered for myself one golden evening in the bath) spells SPIV. Well, what is our reaction? Naturally, we reach for our Red Flags. We rush into the polling booths and put our cross against the Labour candidate (or, if we can't quite bring ourselves to do that, anyway, the Liberal). We store up ammunition for the Class War due to break out any minute at a wink from Lord Protector Altrincham.

It isn't the Editor's fault. The public want to see these people,

MAI ZETTERLING is seen as she appears in the Oxford Playhouse production of *Darling* by André Roussin, translated by Merlin Thomas. After a scheduled run of two weeks in Oxford, the play was due to open at Cambridge on February 3

Kenny Parker



Houston Rogers

MARC CONNELLY, distinguished American dramatist, producer, author, journalist and man of letters, has written a new play, *Hunter's Moon*, which is to open at the Winter Garden Theatre on February 26 under his own direction

so they have to be photographed. If the overall impression created is faulty, we, the public, and not The TATLER, must take the blame. We *want* to see Lord So-and-So on Hunt Cup day, and we don't want to see him sitting behind his typewriter in the City bank where he works as a clerk all through the year except for a fortnight's holiday, one week of which he spends at Ascot—and why shouldn't he? We *prefer* to see the Duke of Kingston in the butts on his leave rather than in a tank careering up and down a training area in Germany. We are *thrilled* by the Earl of Soda-water's torso, illuminated by the Mediterranean sun, and would only be bored by a bowler-hatted picture of him in the Underground *en route* for the small office in an advertising agency in which he does his copywriting forty-nine weeks in the year. We *goggle* over Miss Wilhelmina Fitzhugh-Somerset in her ball gown and would only turn the page if she were dressed in cap and gown absorbing Dicey in her Girton rooms. Oh yes, indeed, the fault lies in ourselves.

My father used to tell me that he had a "one-storey" friend who used to kick the bottom of the dinner table, cry "Was that a shot?" and even when disabused of the idea, as he always was, say "Well, anyway, talking of shooting. . . ." By the same token, talking of Mr. Gladstone (or was it Asquith) reminds me of a charming little story that I once read in, I think, Doctor Lang's autobiography, which I offer for the use of all Parliamentary candidates, of whatever party, at a sticky meeting. The procedure is to baa like a sheep (an accomplishment well within the scope of most Parliamentary candidates, except Liberals) and then say "Was that a sheep?" Risking the riposte, "No. Just a bloody goat," then say, "Well, talking about sheep. . . ." and launch into the story which, so far as I remember, runs as follows:

During the great man's Midlothian campaign, he strolled out, one stormy evening, and leaned on a gate in order the better to compose one of his marathon speeches. The snow-clouds were gathering, the wind whistled down the glen, and a few snowflakes settled gently on the great man's nose. From the burn beyond the gate, a flock of black-faced sheep wound its way slowly up the track, along the hillside, making for the distant mountain top. An old Scots shepherd watched them go, then turned and strode towards the gate. "How strange," said Mr. Gladstone, "how strange that those poor beasts should run up to the mountain top. If I were a sheep, and the storm were impending, I should seek the shelter of the stream." "If you were a sheep," replied the shepherd as he passed the stranger by, "you wouldna be such a damn fool."

Nowadays, of course, Prime Ministers are seldom submitted to such chastening experiences. The television set has seen to that. Gone is the opportunity for such salutary encounters with we lesser mortals, such as were experienced by Henry the Fifth on the eve of Agincourt. Prime Ministers, like kings, are marked men now. I have only met three in my life. They were, in the order of encounter, Messrs Baldwin, Eden and Macmillan. Mr. Baldwin asked me, once upon a time, to hold his mackintosh while he spoke at a political rally, a task which I speedily unloaded



"Has it stopped raining yet?"

on to my sister since I preferred shooting rabbits to listening to political speeches in those days. Mr. Eden (as he then was) I sat beside at a cricket match and very charming he was, too. Mr. Macmillan I encountered at a shooting party while he was Chancellor of the Exchequer and just after I had learned how much tax I was to pay on the proceeds of selling the film rights of *The Reluctant Debutante* to M-G-M. Yet, like a gentleman, I held my fire. The last two naturally I knew by sight, like everybody else, before I met them. Only Mr. Baldwin of the pre-television era could have learned humility as Mr. Gladstone learned it and, incredible to say, he did. After two or three years of Premiership, he found himself one morning in the train travelling down to Ipswich to a big Conservative Rally. From the other side of the carriage, a man kept looking at him. After a while, the stranger spoke. "Excuse me," he said to the Prime Minister, "but isn't your name Baldwin?" "That's right," replied Honest Stan. "I thought it must be," answered the stranger, "I recognized your face, we were at Harrow together." And then he launched his ultimate deterrent, "Tell me," he added, "what are you doing now?"





INDIA HOUSE RECEPTION

THE HIGH COMMISSIONER held a well-attended reception at India House, at which many guests from official circles were present. Above, Sir Edward Chadwick-Healey, Lady Chadwick-Healey and Mrs. Gurbachan Singh, wife of the Principal Private Secretary to the Indian High Commissioner

Mr. M. A. Husain, deputy High Commissioner, who received the guests with Mrs. Pandit, was here with Mrs. Husain



Lord Kindersley talking to Mrs. V. Srihari



Sir Denis Truscott, the Lord Mayor, and Lady Truscott



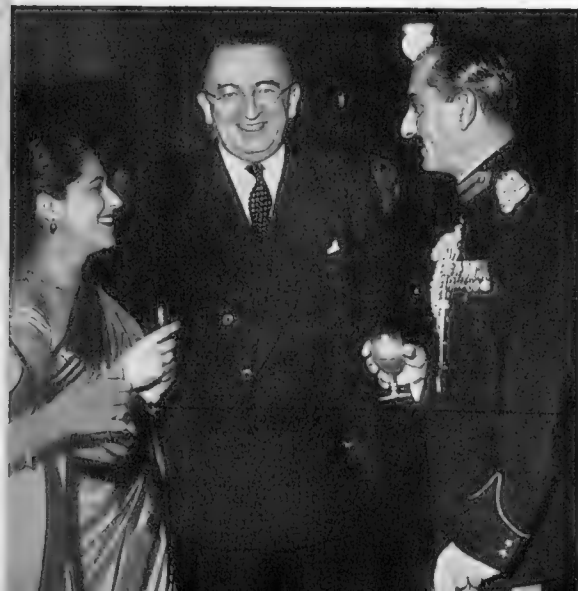
Lady Bourne, the Hon. D. Ormsby-Gore and General Sir Geoffrey Bourne

Mrs. Vinla Oberai, Mrs. M. G. Dewan, Sir Horace Evans and Brig. Dewan

The High Commissioner for India, Mrs. Pandit, and Earl Mountbatten

Lady Gore Booth (centre) with Sir Charles and Lady Norton

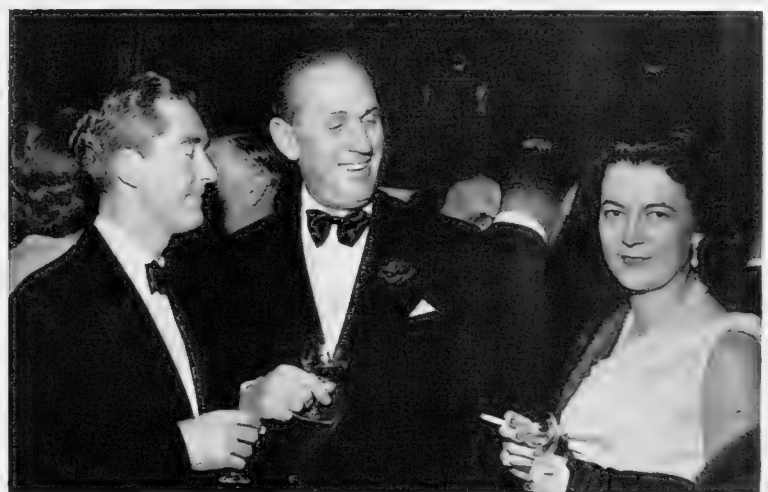
A. V. Swach





ST. GEORGE'S WARD BALL

VISCOUNTESS KILMUIR, the ball president (above, right), Lady Dynevor and Mr. John Arnold awaiting guests at the ball organized by the Knightsbridge St. George's Ward of the Cities of London and Westminster Conservative Association, which was held at the May Fair Hotel



Mrs. D. L. Hampton and Mr. George Lawson sell tombola tickets to Miss Estelle Lawson and Mr. Robert Fenn

Mrs. John War and Count Sangro were among 200 present

The Hon. Mrs. Neville Berry, the Countess of Bessborough

Lord Aberdare, Mr. Alan Lennox-Boyd, Secretary of State for the Colonies, and Lady Aberdare

Mr. Desmond O'Neill, Mountain and his fiancée, Mrs. Fleur Kirwan-Taylor

Mrs. Victor Goodhew buys a raffle ticket from Mrs. Charles Parnell

Mr. John Love with Lady Mountain



Priscilla in Paris

M. BUFFET SETS OUT AN AUSTERE FEAST

IT was more like the crush that fights its way through the gloomy portals of the Salle Wagram for a championship boxing match, or the exasperatingly slow ascent of the crowd stumbling up the marble staircase of the Grand Opera House for the world première of a super-blurbed film or waiting, in tightly packed formation, on the cold, cold pavements at the entrance of the Cirque d'Hiver for the midnight gala of the Fête de l'Union des Artistes . . . but, in reality, it was only an endless queue of art patrons waiting outside the extremely select Galerie Charpentier. Art patrons is, perhaps, a euphemism!

Tout Paris was there, and the excitement was intense. It was Bernard Buffet's varnishing day. One hundred canvases that represent, up to the present date, the various phases of the remarkable young painter's work.

He is barely thirty. He sold his first picture in 1944 when he was sixteen. Four years later he had a small show in a shabby little shop and was awarded the Prix de la Critique. Success persisted and he became famous.

HE has also become an obsession. His boyhood and adolescence, during which he lived in poverty in a sordid quarter of "occupied" Paris, has marked him. The austerity and, in many paintings, the cruelty of his work is heartbreaking. To those of us who lived through the grim days when the streets of Paris echoed to the tramp of the invaders and, what was worse, their songs, some of his work is unbearable. Unbearable but necessary.

The excitement of the greater part of the crowd was due to the fact that it hoped to see the artist in flesh and ber-lud. . . . Could he really be as gaunt and grim as his self-portraits have shown him to be? I am afraid it was somewhat disappointing to discover that he is a rather shy, pleasant looking young man (slim, but not thin), very much like anybody's boy-next-door. I felt sorry for him, but only because I had the impression that he would rather have been anywhere except where he was. I imagine that he will be tremendously glad to return to the picturesque *gentilhomme* that he bought a couple of years ago near Aix-en-Provence, where he lives so simply and works so hard. The Rolls stays in the garage and every morning he goes for a long ride on horseback. After lunch he shuts himself in his studio where he paints late into the night without a break, taking his second meal only when work is finished. A strange, bare studio that he keeps locked and where no one may enter. He works with his canvas flat against the wall, using no easel.

AT the Galerie Charpentier the crowd was so dense that it was not easy to approach the great man, who was hidden in M. Nacenta's office. Even Maurice Chevalier, who is accustomed to wade through the masses, looked worried. Mme. Marie-Louise Bousquet, whose slight limp always gets her safely through a crush—courtesy is not yet quite out of date—was there however; she made her way into the Presence and others followed. Here were the cognoscenti gathered: The Prince and Princess de Faucigny Lucinge, the Marquise de Noailles, Louis de Vilmorin, Mme. Weissmuller, Arletty, Anouk Aimée, Hélène Lazareff and Roland Dorgeles of the Académie Goncourt. A group portrait of the "Ten Goncourts" is one of Bernard Buffet's most satisfying efforts as a portraitist. Dorgeles's long and narrow countenance was well suited to the artist's work. I do not feel confident to pass judgment on his portrait of Jacqueline Delubac, who is a very lovely woman.

I also saw Monica Stirling whose recent biography about the life and times of Ouida, entitled *The Fine And The Wicked* is proving as great a best seller as her brilliant novels. Miss Stirling is a magnificent writer and the turbulent, dramatic yet pathetic and so un-Britishly English Louis Ramée, whose novels thrilled and delighted her readers, lives again, thanks to Miss Stirling's understanding sympathy.



A HEAVY SNOWFALL and grey skies made a thorough test for competitors in the Commonwealth Winter Games, and British Ski Week, at St. Moritz. Above, Mr. Chris Williams and Mr. Stuart Parkinson, the winning boblet couple in the Games



The Marquess of Hamilton and Mr. Bill McCowan, two more competitors in the Commonwealth Games

The Earl of Kimberley and S/Ldr. Michael Holliday out inspecting the race track before the boblet event





Mr. C. I. Orr-Ewing, Under-Secretary of State for Air



Mrs. E. Marples and her husband the P.M.G., downhill winner



The Earl of Selkirk, First Lord of the Admiralty

Members of the British team that beat Swiss Parliamentary skiers

FRANCOISE SAGAN's ballet *Le Rendez-Vous Manqué*, that was so heatedly discussed after its première at Monte Carlo, has now been seen—but barely discussed—in Paris. A brilliant audience assembled at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées fully prepared to split its gloves applauding or become voiceless from booing (we call it "hissing" over here) as the spirit of the moment might suggest. Only some fairly mild hisses were heard and the applause was politely friendly. Bernard Buffet's décor was greeted with the deference that is now due to him and if Michel Magne's music was hissed this was surely unfair, since it is so manifestly and amusingly anthological.

The ballet, of which the argument could be written on half a sheet of foolscap, is the sad little story of a *fait divers*. It made me think of Jean Cocteau's *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort* that was danced by Roland Petit (I think) a few years ago. Sordid no doubt, but inoffensive. To the pure all things are pure and the audience that evening was very pure. After all, if the grandparents of the present generation of young playgoers quickly became appreciative of Nijinsky in *L'Après-Midi d'un Faune* how can anything shock spectators today? Besides, even more cuts have been made than at Monte Carlo, and the three acts have been reduced to two. By the time the "Broken Rendez-Vous" reaches London perhaps only one will be left. It may then be given to Mlle. Sagan to write the ballet of the Cheshire Cat.

If anything shocked us it was, I believe, the information announced by the press that a subvention of two and a half million francs had been voted by the Ministry of the Beaux Arts for the production of the ballet. When austerity is being preached

but so badly practised in this beautiful country, one rather resents what seems to be sheer wastefulness.

To resume I will quote the eminent musical critic, M. Florent Fels, who writes: "It (the ballet) represents a great deal of work, a perfectly finished performance, a few moments of beauty expressed by harmonious dancers and . . . immense melancholy."

It was at the Grand Opera House, a few evenings later, that true music lovers met for an *in memoriam* programme of the works of the great composer Maurice Ravel who died in 1937.

The stately and ornate Salle Garnier was crowded with a rapt and attentive audience. Again the *tout Paris* was present but did not, on this occasion, show itself in its most flamboyant aspect. The first part of the programme was devoted to Ravel's wonderful *Rapsodie Espagnole*, to *Shéhérazade*, and to the *Concerto pour main gauche* brilliantly played by Jacques Février. The magnificent orchestra of the Grand Opera House, conducted by Fourester, was massed on the stage for these symphonies and had a great reception. In the second half, almost entirely devoted to *L'Heure Espagnole*, a "creation" took place. It was the ballet *La Valse* danced by Claire Motte and Kalioujny, of which the choreography was due to Harald Lander the English ballet master of *corps de ballet*. I could have wished that *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges*, the pantomime-ballet by Colette, could have been given, but some day that enchanting fantasy will certainly be revived. Mme. Colette and Ravel were for some time neighbours at Montfort l'Amaury, a picturesque spot not far from Paris, and it was at Montfort that the composer died.

More personalities of the great British Ski Racing Week at St. Moritz

Mr. Peter Seilern with the Starter
Mr. Steane and M. Edy Reinalter

Dr. R. H. Schloss



W/Cdr. Billy Drake who was in charge of the gatekeepers



Mr. Arnold Midgley (Canada), with one of the officers





At the Theatre

A RUN DOWN TO MONTE

"LADY AT THE WHEEL" (Lyric, Hammersmith). In this Monte Carlo Rally romp, driver-hero (Peter Gilmore, above) listens delightedly to the cabaret-singing servant (Lucille Mapp). Below, top left, driver Don Juan (Bernard Cribbins) ogles the heroine (Maggie FitzGibbon) while, lower, the hero's mother (Vivienne Bennett) borrows money for the casino tables from the rival car manufacturer (Frederick Schiller). Drawings by Glan Williams



THE latest English musical comedy owes a great deal more to the producer than to its quartet of clever young authors. *Lady At The Wheel*, as supervised by Miss Wendy Toye, goes zipping along with a quite taking semblance of stylish gaiety. An enthusiastic first night audience at the Lyric, Hammersmith, gave no sign of suspecting that behind the lady's attractive complexion there was precious little heart and scarcely a solid face even. So much the better for all concerned, and a little triumph for the cosmetic expert.

It is all about the Monte Carlo Rally. The cars used in this famous test, I have always understood, are those already in production, not racing car prototypes the success of which might spell fortune to one manufacturer and ruin to another. If I am right, the plot of this piece turns on the wrong kind of car, and Sir Rowland's model could never make his fortune.

But, of course, this poetic misunderstanding of what the Monte Carlo Rally is about is a matter of no moment. What is of moment is that the plot should try unsuccessfully to combine the native period plot which is burlesqued in *The Boy Friend*, with the up-to-date-complicated-business-deal plot which the American musical knows how to drive to victory.

Lady At The Wheel was written some years ago for undergraduate production at Cambridge, and, though it has been jinxed up a bit since, the marks of its origin still show all too clearly. The very talented undergraduate authors obviously believed that the only way to succeed in the English light musical theatre was the American way. They had, therefore, to be slick, racy, thrusting; they had, at all costs, to be hard-boiled. Their own background and habits of thought probably were "mere English," but to reflect our own special humour and write our own melodies seemed impossibly difficult. It would be much easier to match the Rodgers and Hammerstein idiom.

THIS evidently is what they set out to do. One is not blaming them for failing to strike the native style that many others were at the same time looking for without any luck, though the authors of *Grab Me A Gondola* came nearer to it than anyone else, for I cannot believe that the missing style had already been found in *Salad Days* and its successor. But it is not surprising that they should have found it much harder than they supposed it would be to catch the so much admired alien idiom. The result was only a pseudo-American musical comedy, and Miss Toye's job as the producer taking it over has been to work out with Mr. Tommy Linden enough pert and amusing dance routines to mark the hollow place where the heart should be.

The ten dancers—five of them débutantes who have been brought down to the Riviera by a lady who is not going to have her son marry just anybody—are always stepping in to point an action which, skilfully as it is kept on the move, is curiously lacking in sentimental interest. Miss Maggie FitzGibbon is a blonde heroine whose affair of the heart makes little or no impression, though her pleasing voice draws attention to it from time to time, and the wooer, Mr. Peter Gilmore, is such an unobtrusive fellow that he dropped clean out of the story for quite a while without my noticing his absence. No offence to Mr. Gilmore, who plays the hero neatly enough. If I did not notice his disappearance I expect it was because I was being diverted by Mr. Bernard Cribbins, whose languorously amorous car ace is one of the evening's indefeasible good things.

ALAS, he, too, disappeared after he had got drunk and pushed his rival's car into the sea. The baronet's madly gambling wife gets her retinue of débutantes to abduct him. She sees a way of bringing off a great motor manufacturing merger. Since one backer has no car, and the other no driver, what can they do but merge; but while the merger was laboriously coming into being I much missed the ineffably complacent Don Juan of Mr. Cribbins held meanwhile in durance vile by débutantes scarcely worth his attention.

Some of the music and lyrics by Mr. Leslie Bricusse and Mr. Robin Beaumont have wit, which is more than can be said of the non-lyrical chit-chat. There is one impudently amusing song for Mr. Cribbins called "Siesta," another for the heroine as "The Chick Who Put The Chic In Chicago," but when all is said and done the success of the piece must depend only on the dancing and the general liveliness of the staging.

—Anthony Cookman



Diana Wynyard has the part of a schoolmaster's wife in N. C. Hunter's new play

New play that hinges on a poor relation's dilemma



THE new play by N. C. Hunter, "A Touch Of The Sun," due at the Saville last Friday, deals with a schoolmaster (Michael Redgrave, above), invited to the South of France by his wealthy brother and wife (Louise Allbritton, above). Also in the play are Vanessa Redgrave (left), Ronald Squire (below), and Anthony Oliver



Angus McBean



HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY GUARD OF HONOUR AT LONDON WEDDING



Mr. Robin Murray-Philipson and
Lady Lily Serena Lumley

A LARGE reception, attended by over five hundred guests, was held at the Hyde Park Hotel after the wedding of Major Christopher Philipson, of the Life Guards, son of the late Major T. Philipson and Mrs. Richard Jessel, to Miss Mary Macdonald-Buchanan, the younger daughter of Major and the Hon. Mrs. R. Macdonald-Buchanan, of Cottesbrooke Hall, Northampton. The wedding was celebrated at Holy Trinity, Brompton, and the bride and bridegroom are seen above leaving the church after the ceremony, between the guard of honour provided by the Household Cavalry



Major R. Macdonald-Buchanan with Col.
Miles Reid and the Dowager Lady Allendale



*Mrs. W. Abel Smith and Miss Matilda Macintyre
were among the many guests*



*Cdr. and Mrs. R. de Pass with (right) the
Marchioness of Blandford*



*Viscount Gray and the
Hon. Mrs. de Zulueta*



*Capt. Trevor Dawson was
with Miss Caroline York*



*The Duke of Atholl talking to Miss Linda
Macnair Scott*

*Sir Giles Loder, Bt., Mrs. Hugh Goodson and
Lady Loder*



At the Pictures

LIFE ON THE RANGE AS IT REALLY WAS



MURIEL PAVLOW'S next part will be that of a spinster who becomes transformed by love, in *Rooney*, which is being made by Pinewood. At present Miss Pavlow is acting in *Odd Man In* at the St. Martin's Theatre, London, which is soon going on tour

Cornel Lucas

SINCE *Cowboy* is based on an autobiographical work by the late Mr. Frank Harris, a notoriously mendacious gentleman, there may not be a word of truth in it—but I don't care: it strikes me as truer than any Western I ever saw. Excellently directed by Mr. Delmer (3.10 to Yuma) Daves, beautifully photographed in subdued Technicolor, this fine, forthright and, it must be admitted, somewhat disillusioning film, stars Mr. Glenn Ford as Tom Reece, a veteran cowpuncher who hates cows ("those slab-sided flea-bags"), and Mr. Jack Lemmon as Frank Harris, a Chicago hotel clerk full of romantic yearnings for a life on the trail.

Reece, dripping with dollars as the result of the sale of a herd to the stockyards, arrives with his cowhands at the hotel, shouts for hot baths, shoots cockroaches off the walls, drinks his whisky neat by the teacupful and makes a tremendous impression on Harris—who begs to be allowed to join his happy band. Reece pooh-poohs the idea—but subsequently, having lost a small fortune in a disastrous poker game, reluctantly allows Harris to buy himself in as a partner.

TENDERFOOT Harris soon discovers that there's nothing romantic about cowpunching: it is rough, dirty and dangerous. The cowhands are mean, crude and callous and their little jokes are apt to be lethal. One fellow laughingly drapes a rattlesnake round the shoulders of another—who dies of its bite: oh, well, he'd have died anyway, sometime or other, is the general reaction. If a man gets into trouble, nobody goes to his rescue—and when Harris tries, Reece merely fells him with a well-thrown crow-bar.

The long ride to Mexico toughens the tenderfoot: the cattle-drive back completes the process. By the time they reach Chicago, Harris has learned, the hard way, to be every bit as hard as Reece—while Reece himself has developed, the hard way, too, a respect and admiration for his young partner. They are last seen sharing, in separate tubs of hot suds, the same bathroom at the hotel from which Harris graduated, smoking identical cigars, downing identical bumpers of whisky and firing off their revolvers at anything that seems to move on the patterned wallpaper.

Dark-eyed Miss Anna Kashfi appears briefly as a Mexican girl with whom Harris falls in love. With great presence of mind the scriptwriter, Mr. Edmund H. North, hastily marries her to a husband of her father's choice: decorative though she undoubtedly is, she has really no place in this essentially masculine film—a realistic study of men at work. As in Mr. Daves's earlier near-masterpiece (in which Mr. Ford starred with Mr. Van Heflin), the clash of two male personalities and the modifications wrought by each upon the other are all that matter. Mr. Ford and Mr. Lemmon, in close disharmony, or in ultimate exuberant unison, give performances that I rate as flawless.

MR. NICHOLAS RAY is a serious and intelligent director and presumably his intention in making *Bitter Victory* was to demonstrate, seriously and intelligently, the futility of war. He succeeds only in demonstrating the futility of his principal characters—a South African major (Herr Curt Jurgens) serving with the British in Egypt, and a Welsh captain (Mr. Richard Burton) who is not, like his superior officer, a regular soldier. They dislike each other for various reasons—not the least of which is that the captain is in love with the major's wife (Miss Ruth Roman).

The two men are chosen to lead a Commando raid on German Headquarters at Benghazi. The plan almost fails through a momentary show of weakness on the part of Herr Jurgens, who cannot bring himself to stab a sentry in the back. Mr. Burton does the job for him: the raid is successfully carried out—top-secret German documents and a German colonel duly captured. On the return journey across the desert to Cairo, Mr. Burton



RUTH ROMAN as Jane Brand is the bone of contention between Capt. Leith (Richard Burton) and her husband, Major Brand (Curt Jurgens), in the film *Bitter Victory* which deals with inner conflict maturing into violent action in the Libyan Desert



UNEXPECTED COWPUNCHER

"COWBOY" is a Western with a difference, for it is based on the autobiographical reminiscences of Frank Harris who was later to edit a London newspaper. As a young clerk he persuaded his tough boss, Glenn Ford (left) to take him on the great cattle drive to Mexico. Playing the part of the extroverted Harris is Jack Lemmon, who is seen below handling his horse with the accomplishment that Harris claimed was his in everything

never stops taunting Herr Jurgens with cowardice—until Herr Jurgens, full of hatred and jealousy, virtually murders him. Suddenly British troops come into sight in the distance. Off he dashes the major and his men towards the approaching jeeps—leaving the precious documents lying on the sand beside the German prisoner: very sensibly he takes out his cigarette lighter and burns them. If, as his scornful expression implies, he doesn't think very highly of the British soldier, who can blame him?

MR. HENRY HATHAWAY's *Legend Of The Lost* is not a very good film either—but, in Technirama and Technicolor, it is at least pleasing to the eye, and its unintentional humours amusing.

Signor Rossano Brazzi arrives in Timbuctoo in quest of his lost father, a missionary who claimed to have found a fabulous treasure in the forgotten city of Ophir. While he is making arrangements for Mr. John Wayne to guide him across the Sahara, Signor Brazzi meets Signorina Sophia Loren—a spirited prostitute who thinks he's a really nice man because he spends an entire night just talking to her.

Good men, in her experience, are hard to find so, to Mr. Wayne's annoyance, she follows him into the desert, insisting upon joining the expedition. Sandstorms and hostile Tuaregs make the trek a difficult one but just as the water supply is running out and Mr. Wayne is for turning back they come upon a ruined city. It's Timgad, not Ophir, but the discovery of three skeletons ("The one with the wedding ring is my father!") persuades Signor Brazzi that it's the city they're seeking. It comes as a shock to him that one of the skeletons is female: his father, then, was no saint after all.

Signor Brazzi turns out to be no saint either, once the treasure is unearthed: he tries to buy Signorina Loren with a handful of rubies and when she spurns his advances sneaks away with the mules, leaving her stranded with Mr. Wayne. Naturally Signor Brazzi will come to a sticky end and Mr. Wayne and the Signorina will live happily ever after. It's that sort of picture.

—Elspeth Grant





"OBERON, Titania and Puck with Fairies Dancing" is the subject of this water-colour reproduced in *William Blake* (Heinemann, 20s.), a catalogue of his works in The Tate Gallery, written by Martin Butlin to commemorate the bicentenary of the visionary painter-poet, who was born in London in 1757

Book Reviews

FLEMISH INTERIOR BY A NEW PAINTER IN WORDS

Elizabeth Bowen



W. O. BENTLEY in his autobiography *W.O.* (Hutchinson, 21s.) writes a fascinating account of his life as pioneer and expert in the motor car industry, and of the history of his famous company from its birth to its sad demise

THE third novel of Françoise Mallet-Joris, *The House Of Lies* (W. H. Allen, 15s.), shows that this young Flemish woman who has survived the "infant prodigy" stage is now becoming a solid artist. Compared in the first place with Françoise Sagan, she has since been billed as a future Balzac. Time will show—meanwhile, in *The House Of Lies* she is a truly masterly word-painter. Here is a Flemish interior in the great tradition: the shadowy, rigid, heavily opulent mansion of Klaes von Baarnheim—rich brewer, tyrant to the core. A Flemish port city (we take it, Antwerp) contains the mansion, which is down near the quays.

Old Klaes has remained unmarried; his widowed sister keeps house for him. Madame Nuñez, once handsome, now entombed in obesity, is but one of the schemers and parasites who surround Klaes (and of whose machinations he is very well aware). His nephews, Philippe the lawyer and Roger the doctor, ill conceal their interest in his fortune. However, there is a nigger in the woodpile: some years ago, Klaes took into his home Alberte, his illegitimate daughter—and this inarticulate damsel (whose coming-of-age occasions a succulent feast, high point in the story) rises rapidly in the old reprobate's favour. She is the fruit of one of Klaes's many *amours*, affairs with little shop girls and dim waitresses. Of all these only Elsa, mother of Alberte, proved untrue to type. She refuses to disappear.

POOR Elsa, wispy but formidable, is (to me) the most memorable character in the book. Once a young country girl, she had felt for Klaes a bemused but trustful love; for a brief time she had indulged in roscate dreams, and the shock of being dismissed sent her off her head. Living, or half-living, upon the money with which she was by way of being bought off, Elsa remains a prominent local scandal, causing satisfaction to the von Baarnheims' enemies. Though she has handed over Alberte to bourgeois security, the tie between mother and child remains.

In vain, by a sort of curious courtship, does powerful Klaes seek to dominate weak Alberte: the girl keeps a twisted loyalty to her mother . . . As you may guess, nobody in this novel is attractive, sympathetic or admirable. It is by scene-setting (the aforesaid "Flemish interior," the half-empty autumnal seaside restaurant, the arcade of tawdry, once-smart shops) that the young author keeps her undoubted hold on the reader. However,

there is a fine ambitiousness about *The House Of Lies*, with its grim theme.

★ ★ ★

STEPHEN SPENDER'S **Engaged In Writing** (Hamish Hamilton, 15s.) is, as fiction, a very different kettle of fish. The book consists of two *nouvelles*, or long short stories—of which the first, and more lengthy, provides the title. Of the second, *The Fool And The Princess*, one may say what a tribute it is to its strength and worth that it is *not* eclipsed by its stupendous forerunner.

What happens, in *Engaged In Writing*, takes place in Venice. Here, in the Doges' Palace, is staged a conference between intellectuals of the East and West, sponsored by a cultural society called Europlume, with, behind that, world-organized Lituno. With one exception (a heavy British scientist) those who attend are authors, each in the *avant garde* of his country. Of its kind, this amounts to a summit meeting. The proceedings are seen through the eyes of Olim Asphalt: British, Lituno employee, it is his fate to attend one after another of these conferences.

Olim knows, in advance, what the form is likely to be. So does Mr. Spender: seldom, consequently, can savage comicality have gone farther than it does in this uproarious not-quite-farce. Celebrities, French, Italian or what you like, their mannerisms, egotisms and *idées fixés* are (far from ill-naturedly) hit off. It is tempting to quote *ad lib* from *Engaged In Writing*: let me draw your attention, at least, to the opening banquet, at which the three Russian authors "seemed fixed like mountains on which famous public figures have been carved," and to Olim's view of the intellectuals, "the faces like bunions, the limbs like carrots," ascending the magnificent entrance staircase of the Palace—"dim procession of mackintoshed moderns with the marble figures towering above them."

The magic of Venice, however, draws out humanity; between platitudinous sessions, real life flowers. *Engaged In Writing*, be certain, is *not* a sneer at "ideas"; rather is it a giant groan at their exploitation.

★ ★ ★

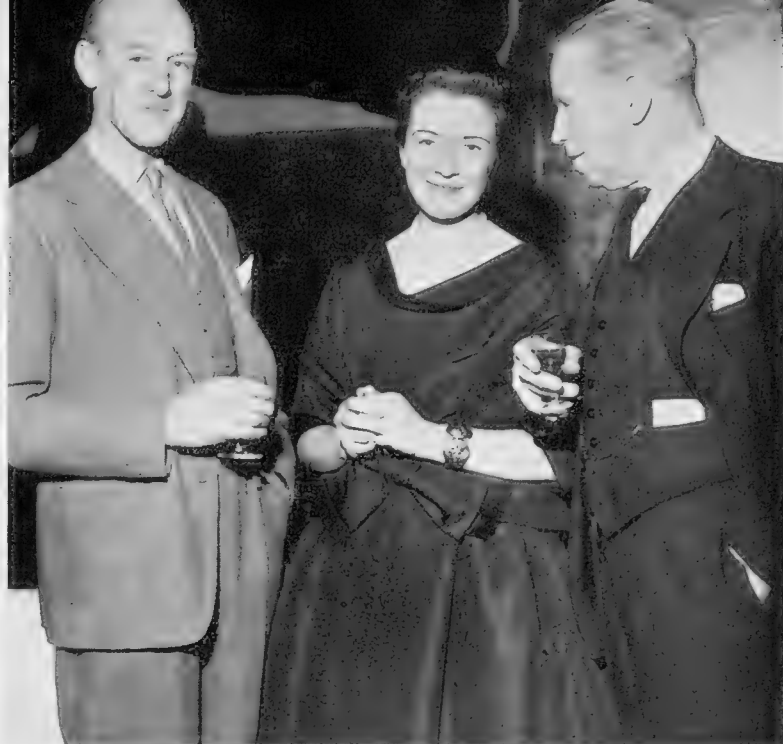
A new Patrick Quentin detective story, **Suspicious Circumstances** (Gollancz, 12s. 6d.), opens in California, ends in London, and has interludes, midway, in Paris and Cannes. Though it features the violent deaths of two fair ladies, the tale—I say heartlessly—is supremely funny. One regrets the victims (who both merit their fates) largely because their exits, first the one, then the other, terminate a series of pleasing scenes. For Nora, ex-star, described by her wearied husband as resembling a hop-bowl in captivity, I had rather a feeling, I confess.

The narrator, an easygoing nineteen-year-old, is the son of the ever-triumphant Anny Rood. "Mother's" behaviour, as death stalks Beverly Hills, continues debonair, but appears shady. And Delight Schmidt, secretary to the secretary, a redhead operator, runs Mother close. Dear Pam, British colonel's daughter, and good dog Tray, you'll certainly like. Don't fail to meet the full cast of *Suspicious Circumstances*.

Mrs. John Weaver talking to S/Ldr. W. Warner

Air Chief Marshal Sir William Elliot, G/Capt. P. Ridell, and Lady Elliot

Mr. Edward Hornby and Mr. B. Babington-Smith



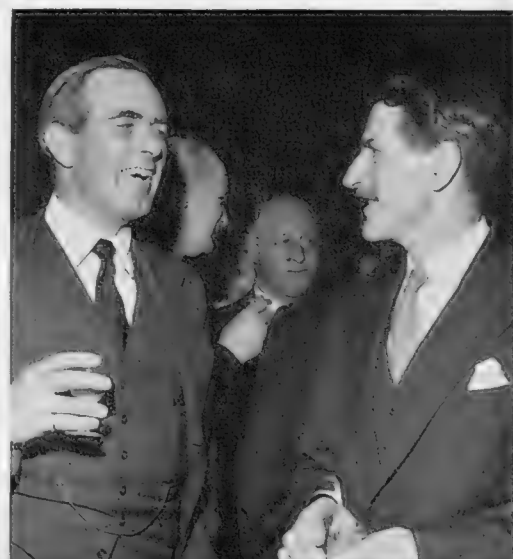
Van Hallan

LAUNCHING CEREMONY

A COCKTAIL PARTY was held at Londonderry House to launch "Evidence In Camera," Constance Babington-Smith's account of work with R.A.F. Photographic Reconnaissance. Above: Air Marshal Frank Inglis, Miss Babington-Smith and Air Chief Marshal Sir Hugh Pugh Lloyd



Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir John Slessor with Mr. Ian Parsons, Mrs. Nora Smallwood, of Chatto & Windus





HORROCKSES' cotton herringbone printed dress in black, grey and white (above) has a slim skirt and bloused bodice finished by a black calf belt. Price 8 gns. at Cresta, New Bond St., Frank Mason, Ipswich. Count Maciek Trowski, head of the Paint Shop, shows the model costume designs for *The Carmelites*

THE MOST exciting fabric seen this year is the Swiss fruit printed cotton used by Selin-court for this slender sheath dress (below) with a wide, flattering neckline. In a gay melange of colours it costs £7 10s. 6d. at Hunts of Bond Street; Bon Marche, Liverpool



COTTONS TRIUMPH IN PRINT

AGAINST the multifarious backgrounds of the paint shop at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, where scenery is painted and everything from a ballet shoe to an angel's wing is dyed, are seen some of the new and original designs in cotton

LUSCIOUS, exciting bunches of tropical fruit vie with counterfeit houndstooth and herringbone, for cotton, ubiquitous cotton, will go everywhere this year. Opposite, a fruit printed cotton dress in black and white by Peck & Peck. £5 19s. 6d. at Fenwicks, London and Newcastle; County Clothes, Cheltenham





FOR THOSE who want to look gay on holiday, or even in the garden! A young and amusing one-piece playsuit (left); in Emilio Pucci "Correnti" design Italian green cotton patterned in bright yellow. It is shown here with a matching button-through skirt lined in bright yellow, and has a bright yellow cummerbund. Made by Estrava, price approx. 12½ gns. at Peter Jones, Sloane Sq., Tyrrell & Green, Southampton

FOR A DATE

A TWO-PIECE (below) that will be ideal for town this summer. Simple but smart in style and extremely good value, worn with a pretty hat it will travel anywhere. Made by Sambo in black and white houndstooth check cotton, it has a pretty camisole bodice and full bell-like skirt. On the right show it worn with its short bolero style jacket. Price 6 gns., it is available at Harvey Nichols (Little Shop), Knightsbridge; and Rene Shaw, of Sutton, Surrey



WITH SUNSHINE



Michel Molinare

A PRETTY summer party dress by Horrockses (above) in white pique printed with streams of rose-pink wistaria. It has a wide, full skirt and bodice that has fine pink shoulder straps finishing in a bow beneath the bust. Price 10 gns., obtainable at Dickins & Jones, Regent Street; Cornish Silks, St. Ives

Arrowy grace

MANY WOMEN having suffered torture through wearing the fashionable pointed shoes have finally decided that this item of high fashion is definitely not for them. That is not necessarily so. With a correct last and fitting, any foot can be comfortably accommodated in a shoe with an acute angle toe. Our pictures of a skeleton foot photographed upon four different I. Miller lasts prove our point, and show that though fashion in shoe shapes has changed from the short rounded toe (shown below), evolving to the beautifully shaped long slim pointed toe from the new spring I. Miller range (on the right), our comfort should be greater





Michel Molinare



Rainbow chase

WE ALL KNOW that gloves today are made in almost any colour under the sun. We all know that when we go to look for a certain shade to tone with a dress or suit, it often means tramping the West End fruitlessly. In view of this we asked Kayser Bondor who specialize in making gloves in often as many as twenty different shades, to tell us one store where many of the colours can be found. These three styles, long evening glove, short wrist-length, and the hand-stitched glove shown on the left, are all made in fifteen colours obtainable at Selfridges; Affleck and Brown, Manchester



BLOOMING in a brilliant profusion of orange and red carnations is Hardy Amies Ready-to-Wear three-piece in printed shantung. An ensemble that sweeps gaily into spring and summer. The jumper suit has a short-sleeved semi-fitted top and slender skirt. Photographs taken in the Connaught Rooms

AN EARLY VOICE OF SPRING



John Adriaan



ON THE LEFT: The suit worn with its matching fly-away coat, pleated and bowed at the back. The price of the three-piece approx. 46 gns., at Simpsons, Piccadilly; Samuels, Manchester. Above a close-up of the mandarin pill-box in black velvet

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK

Left : Travelling mirror, one side magnifying, pink, green, blue or gold enamel, £1 15s., unspillable Diffusette spray, glass with metal top, holding Weil's Antelope or Zibeline scent. Also £1 15s. Both at Woollands. Below : Powder case decorated with paste and cultured pearls, £9 2s. 6d., Dickins and Jones



SO OFTEN it is the extra things which proclaim a well-dressed woman. Perfection in detail gives extra poise to the woman who sees that all her accessories are pretty, feminine, and in harmony with her clothes and with the occasion

—JEAN CLEVELAND

Assorted treasures for your delight



Above : Semicircular scalloped powder case, decorated with paste and cultured pearls, price £10 10s., at Dickins and Jones. Right : This cream and gold mesh evening bag is suitable for a wide variety of evening occasions, and costs £6 6s., at Debenham and Freebody





Two-shaded te necklace with drop ear-rings to match. In dark and light sapphire or in two shades of emerald and opal, the necklace costs £4 10s. and the ear-rings 7s., at Debenham and Freebody



Whether you are convalescing after a depressing bout of influenza, or are spending a well-earned morning with your feet up, this charming bed jacket in pink nylon is just the thing for the morale. Price £3 15s., Marshall and Snelgrove



Above: An elegant grosgrain bag in black or navy, costing £3 9s. 6d. from Debenham and Freebody. Left: Warm yet light as thistledown, this pure silk stole is the perfect choice to go with a bare-shouldered ball dress. It costs £5 15s. 6d. at Marshall and Snelgrove

A PERFUME from Coty named "Paris" (right) has the delightful scent of newly-cut flowers, and even to the freshest beauty it adds an additional touch of spring



Beauty

Cream foods for skin diet

Jean Cleland

TO be beautiful, a complexion must radiate good health. Skilful make-up may camouflage certain defects, and give a touch of colour to a pale cheek, but it can only be really effective if the skin itself is in good condition.

How, as the complexion gets older, is its health and condition to be maintained? Diet from within is, of course, part of the answer, and this is merely a matter of good sense. If all fats are cut out in the interests of slimming, one must expect the skin to suffer. It will become dry, and wrinkles will unfortunately follow inevitably.

There must be a nice balance about these things. Not too much butter to retard the slimming, but sufficient to keep over-dryness and wrinkles at bay. Green salads and vegetables with the necessary vitamins and mineral salts are vital to skin beauty, and if one is below par it may be advisable to take extra vitamins to tone up the system.

While this matter of diet from within is of the greatest importance, it is, as I have said, only *part* of the answer. With the advance of science, it has been discovered that vitamins and other valuable properties can now form an external diet which is of great benefit. As the skin grows older, it needs building up from without as well as from within, and if the preparations that make this possible are used intelligently, there is no doubt that the youth and beauty of the complexion can be maintained much beyond the accepted limits.

IN order to get some reliable information on this interesting subject, I went along to see Countess Csaky, who is an authority not only on the beauty but the *health* of the skin. The creams she makes are the outcome of scientific research, and all contain certain ingredients designed to supply the skin with the kind of "outer" food it needs. The newest of these is "Secret", a biological cream which is, in fact, a tissue builder. "What it actually does," said Countess Csaky, "is to give a tired skin renewed energy," and she then went on to explain in detail exactly what this means.

When the skin is out of condition, it is too lifeless to absorb the ordinary creams. You can massage and massage, but the cream

just "sits" on the surface. So the first thing to do when the complexion is tired and a little out of condition is to build it up and give it energy, which is rather like taking a tonic for the health. As it revives, it becomes receptive again, and can then take and absorb without difficulty whatever kind of cream you wish to give it.

We talked of vitamins which are so vital to health, and which can now also be used externally in the form of creams. The Countess spoke of the one she makes which contains rich feeding oils.

"For a normal skin I usually recommend using this right away. But for one that is tired, it is much better to use the biological cream 'Secret,' first, until the condition has been improved, and then go on to the vitamin cream. The two together provide an excellent diet for the health and beauty of the older skin, and are specially beneficial if they are used in this order."

ANOTHER scientific step forward as regards prolonging the youth of the skin is the moisture cream, which should never be forgotten by older women. These creams are designed to retard the dehydration which gradually takes place as the years advance.

By means of these specially prepared creams, the moisture can be replaced, and the skin saved from that "dried-up" look which is so ageing.

Moisture creams can be used each day under the usual foundation. Just massage a little well in, then apply the foundation, and make-up as usual. There are various excellent makes of moisture preparations from which to choose, among them an entire range by Lancôme called "Ligne Oceane," Helena Rubinstein's "Skin Dew," and Elizabeth Arden's "Velva Moisture Cream," and so on.

Preparations containing ingredients for giving outer nourishment and stimulation for the hair can be had, as well as for the skin. If the hair is out of condition, it is well worth while going to a good trichologist, and seeing what is the best "diet" to bring back its youthful gloss and sheen.



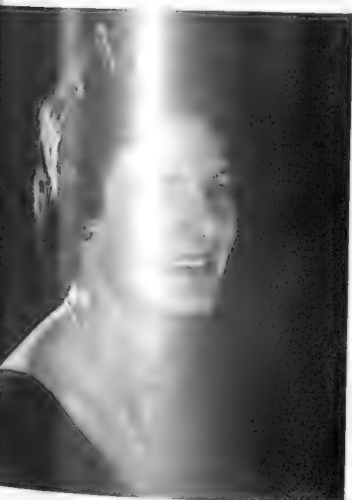


Miss Zoe Diana Scott, daughter of Mr. Ian Douglas Murray Scott, and Mrs. Marjorie Coy Scott, of Mill Farm Cottage, Winchelsea, and Cheyne Walk, S.W.3, is to marry John Charles, Lord Monk Bretton, son of the late Lord Monk Bretton, C.B., and Ruth, Lady Monk Bretton, of Conyboro, Cooksbridge, Lewes

THEY ARE ENGAGED



Miss Shirley Ann Virginia Lee, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Lee, of "Caversham," Guildford, is to marry Mr. Colin Kenneth Edwards, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Edwards, of Stanmore, Middlesex



Miss Sally Anne Coghlan (above), eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. B. Lake Coghlan, of Copyhold, near Haslemere, is to marry Mr. Ronald Derek Keep Edwards, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. G. Edwards, of Hurst Farm, Privett, Alton, Hants



Miss Shirley Diana Peppiatt (right), only daughter of Sir Kenneth Peppiatt, K.B.E., M.C., and Lady Peppiatt, of Longdens, Knotty Green, Bucks, is to marry Mr. Christopher John Waring White, eldest son of Mr. A. J. S. White, C.M.G., O.B.E., and Mrs. White, of The Red House, Beaconsfield, Buckinghamshire



Horrockses



*The
TATLER
and
Bystander.*
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Credland—Koebel. The marriage took place recently at Chelsea Old Church between Mr. Michael Charles Watson Credland, the Queen's Royal Regiment, son of the late Capt. H. W. Credland, and of Mrs. Credland, of Crown Cottage, Great Bardfield, Essex, and Miss Jean Mary Koebel, younger daughter of Lt.-Col. F. O. Koebel, D.S.O., and Mrs. Koebel, of Paultons Street, S.W.

RECENTLY MARRIED



Owen—Knollys. Capt. Ronald James Owen, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Owen, of Holly Hill, Coleman's Hatch, Sussex, was recently married to the Hon. Ardyne Mary Knollys, daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Knollys, of Belgrave Place, S.W., at St. James's Church, Spanish Place, W.1



Chamberlain—Parrott. Mr. Francis Neville Chamberlain, only son of the late Mr. Neville Chamberlain, M.P., and of Mrs. Chamberlain, of Chester Square, S.W., married Miss Roma Patricia Parrott, younger daughter of the Rev. G. R. and Mrs. Parrott, of Two Wells, Adelaide, South Australia, at Chelsea Old Church



Fowle—Impey. Major Anthony Peter Hedley Bruce Fowle, M.C., Royal Artillery, younger son of the Rev. J. S. and Mrs. Fowle, of Broad Town, Wootton Bassett, Wiltshire, married Miss Evelyn Elizabeth Impey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Impey, of Chilland, Hants, at Alresford Church



Milton — Gilbert. Lieutenant John Milton, R.N.R., son of Mrs. R. Sielle, and stepson of Mr. R. Sielle, of Tor Gardens, W.8, recently married Miss Jennifer Gilbert, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Gilbert, of Waterlands Farm, Blackbrook, Dorking, at St. Bartholomew-the-Great, E.C.1

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Champex - Morgins - Finhaut -
Bettmeralp - St. Luc - Saas-Almagell
- Ferret - Zinal - Trient-La Forclaz -
Unterbach - Vercorin.

Further information from your TRAVEL AGENT; the Swiss National Tourist Office, 458 Strand, London, WC2, or the Tourist Office for the Valais, Sion, Valais, Switzerland.



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SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS

Motoring

HELPING YOUR CAR TO ENJOY ITS NIGHT LIFE

by Oliver Stewart

DISCUSSION of the Monte Carlo Rally results must await a future opportunity, but it is useful to glance at some of the special equipment used by competitors this year because this has its lesson to convey to the ordinary motorist. From the rapid, rather cursory examination I made of a number of the cars, I would say that attention this year has been concentrated upon electrical equipment.

Cars which departed little from standard in other respects, left their starting points in mid-January with batteries of special lamps. Fog lamps were fitted to all the cars I inspected and then there were the powerful pencil spotlamps for long range illumination, and the swivelling spotlamps. These pieces of equipment do aid the driver in bad weather, and they aid him whether he is struggling to maintain a schedule through the French Alps and Massif Central, pottering around the West End shopping district in London, or driving home to the city's outskirts.

However awe-inspiring the conditions faced by the rally drivers, they cannot include lower visibilities than the fogs often encountered in London and Manchester. It seems to me that the stage has been reached when fog lamps might be regarded as standard equipment even on low-priced cars. And the long range spot is a valuable detector of the camouflaged pedestrian or cyclist. In fact these fog lamps and the long range spotlamp are the first pieces of additional equipment to be considered after taking delivery of a new car.

All these articles were included in the Ford Zephyrs entered for the rally by the company. One car had the spotlamps incorporated in the same circuit as the headlamps so that the long range spot came on with the main beam, while the fog lamps



MR. G. A. VANDERVELL (right) receiving the Ferodo Trophy from Mr. J. Eason Gibson, award panel chairman. Watching is Mr. G. S. Sutcliffe, Ferodo's chairman. The award was for the Vanwall's success in winning three 1957 Grands Prix

came on when the headlights were dipped. All the Ford team cars had the Lucas roof-mounted spotlight, which is a boon for signpost reading and for dozens of other things and which can be swivelled from inside the car.

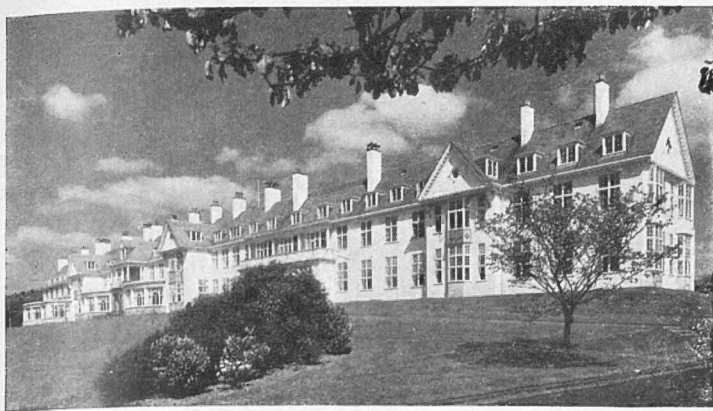
Although beyond the range of ordinary equipment, I should also mention the de-ditching apparatus carried by the Zephyrs. This was the Swedish device which consists of a length of chain and a large, toothed wheel with tommy bar. To de-ditch, one end of the chain is attached to the car, the other end to a tree and the wheel is turned by the tommy bar.

THE advantages of comprehensive electrical equipment have been emphasised above; now let us turn to the disadvantages. It remains true today, as it has been for years, that electrical equipment is the least trustworthy part of a motor car. Once again the Royal Automobile Club's analysis of the causes of those breakdowns brought to its notice through the "Get you home" service, shows that electric failures predominate. Out of the twenty-five possible causes listed in the analysis, they accounted for 31.36 per cent of all calls.

If we accept the R.A.C.'s list as a fair statistical sample, we must suppose that battery, starter, ignition, lighting and sparking plugs are abominably untrustworthy compared with other parts of the car.



THE SUNBEAM RAPIER women's team leaving Lydd Airport, Kent, for Paris, its Monte Carlo Rally departure point. The leader, Miss Mary Handley Page, daughter of the aircraft constructor, is standing beside Mr. Norman Garrad, while in front are her co-drivers, Mrs. Lola Grounds (left) and Mrs. Doreen Reece



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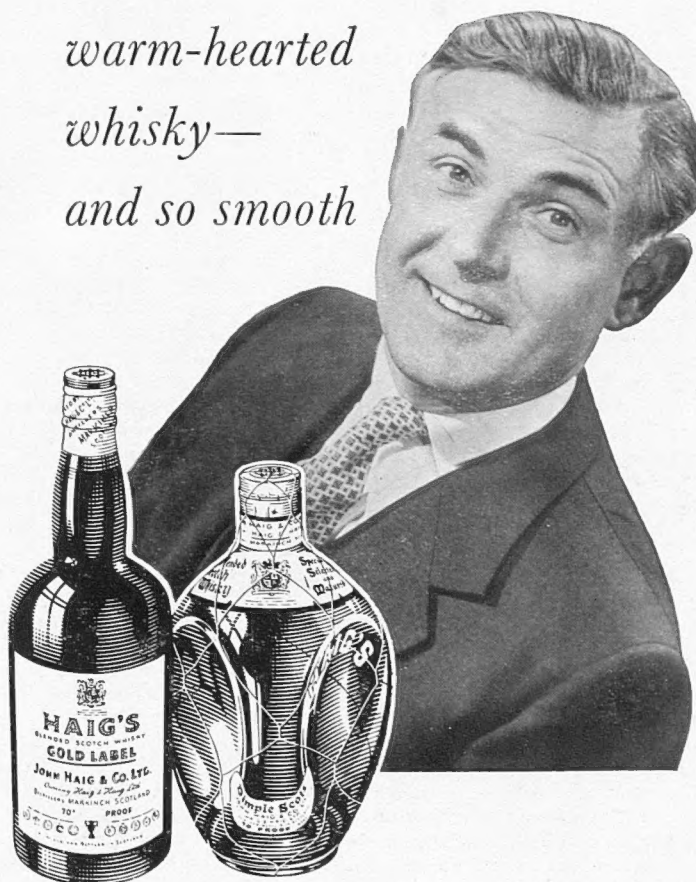
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HARRIOTT AND EVANS, the young Jamaican singers regarded as Layton and Johnston's successors, were so warmly welcomed during their recent season at Quaglino's and the Allegro that they are to return in the summer

DINING OUT

A time to hiss

TO help you to make a 1958 Good Resolution which will be of great assistance to the restaurateurs of the British Isles, I would quote Ramakrishna:

"The grass snake came to his friend the Guru and said, 'How can I escape from the unending turmoil and stress of this life?' The Guru said, 'You must take all the misfortunes that life sends you with complete resignation. Only thus will you be able to lead a life of calm.' A few days later the Guru in taking a walk through the village came upon a crowd of boys who were catching the grass snake by the tail and slinging him against a mud wall. When he had chased the boys away he said to the grass snake, 'This is disgraceful, letting a crowd of boys treat you like this. Have you no self-respect?' 'But only a few days ago,' protested the grass snake, 'you yourself told me to take all life's misfortunes with complete resignation.' 'Oh, maybe,' said the Guru. 'But I didn't say you couldn't hiss a little.'"

Many times during the past year people have described some unsatisfactory meal they had at some restaurant or other, which, to my personal knowledge, normally supplies first-class food and service. When I have asked them what they did about it, whether they sent the particular dish back or complained to the head waiter or the *maitre d'hôtel*, in nine cases out of ten they have replied: "I couldn't be bothered but I shan't go there again," or "I didn't say anything: I hate a fuss," and so on. Now how on earth is the unfortunate director, manager, head waiter or *maitre d'hôtel* ever going to know that all is not always well with his establishment and that he has a disgruntled customer in the place?

You don't have to start an uproar or lose your temper, but, for goodness' sake, if you are not satisfied "hiss a little." I am quite sure that all the restaurateurs who read this column would wish you to do so.

AN organization which comes in for more than its share of hisses and curses is the British Transport Hotels and the idea of dining and dining at one of these station hotels seems to be regarded by many people with dismay, whereas in actual fact, absolutely first-class food and wine are available at these establishments. At the Euston Hotel, for example, the *maitre chef de cuisine* is Arthur Hope, who led the British team of chefs to Switzerland and Germany, where they won such high honours in competition with chefs from all over the world. Nothing gives him more pleasure than a person taking trouble about ordering some specialities in advance.

Quite apart from that, their head sommelier is George Tucker, who is secretary of the Guild of Sommeliers, so if you claim a little of their attention you can't go wrong.

I have also recently visited the Charing Cross Hotel where the restaurant has been completely redecorated by Mr. John Hill. Here I met Etienne Jean Vacher, Chief Hotels Manager, who has been with British Transport Hotels for thirty-five years.

This restaurant is regarded as being one of the most perfect examples of early Victorian ceiling work, and is rapidly becoming a West End rendezvous. In addition many rooms are available for private parties.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Pigeon for the pot

AT this moment, farmers and other folk all over our rural areas are waging war on the wood pigeon which, now that the rabbit population has been so much reduced, is probably Enemy No. 1 to growing crops. Wood pigeons, good in pots, are pests in fields. One of the first big shooting drives took place recently in Essex, when 1,000 farmers and factory workers set out with the laudable "target" of 20,000 birds!

From now on then, all over England, pigeons will be on sale. "If you can interest your readers in the culinary potentialities of this agricultural pest, we shall indeed be grateful," was the heart cry of a Ministry of Agriculture official.

Pigeons are good eating—and inexpensive at that—but I do not think they are put forward enough by many poulterers. Last year I saw a few birds here and there in the shops, but only because I was looking out for them. Otherwise they were not much in evidence.

Ideally, if pigeons are to be roasted or grilled, they should be secured soon after they have left their nests—that is, fifty days after they have hatched out. Some of the birds we shall be getting will have flown for the first time as far back as last June, while others will have had their first flight as late as October. Between them, therefore, there is a wide margin of age. (Ministry of Agriculture information, this.)

When it comes to choosing a bird, my own advice is to look at the breast, legs and feet. The thinness of the breast and legs and the darkness of the flesh denote old birds. Young ones have plump flesh of a light red colour and pinkish claws. The feet, which are generally left on, even after trussing, are a fairly good guide to age. So, if you would roast or grill them, look out for late summer or autumn pigeon—but I still say braise or casserole the birds.

PIGEONS en Cocotte is a wonderful way with medium-young ones, two of which should serve four persons. With kitchen poultry shears, cut off the necks and wing tips and cut out the backs. Wash these trimmings and put them in a pan with the giblets and a nice lump of butter. Fry them to a warm gold. Add a sliced onion and carrot, two green tops of celery, a sprig of thyme, a bay leaf and a few parsley stalks. "Sweat" all these together, covered, for 10 minutes. Add a little pepper and salt, a good glassful of dry white wine and water to cover. Put on the lid again and simmer for at least an hour.

To return to the pigeons themselves: Fill each with the meat from a skinned whole large pork sausage. Tie the birds into shape and fry them until brown all over in $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. diced unsmoked bacon. Place them, breasts downwards, in an iron casserole, just large enough to hold them and their vegetable garnish. Surround them with 2 to 3 diced carrots, 6 to 8 whole small onions and 4 to 6 quartered dark mushrooms, the onions and mushrooms first fried in the same fat in which the pigeons were. Add the bacon pieces and a little freshly milled pepper and salt. Strain the stock from the trimmings over the birds, cover and simmer very slowly until the pigeons are tender. Ten to fifteen minutes before serving, add a cupful of canned or frozen peas.

At the last minute, remove the pigeons to a heated platter. Blend a teaspoon of arrowroot with a tablespoon of water and stir it into the boiling vegetables and stock. The arrowroot will at once clear. Cut each pigeon in half through the breast bones to make four servings. Pour the garnish and sauce around them, sprinkle with chopped parsley and serve.

Potatoes, baked in their jackets, go well with this dish.

If you are lucky enough to get young pigeons, stuff two of them with a chestnut purée, made from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. nuts. Make a gash in the flat side of each. Cover with boiling water and boil for 10 to 15 minutes. The skins (both outer and inner) can then be easily removed. Mash the chestnuts to a pulp and add 4 oz. finely chopped fat bacon to them. Stuff the cleaned, trussed and singed pigeons with this filling and wrap a thin piece of fat pork around each or, if you can get them, wrap each bird in vine leaves. (These are always obtainable in London's Continental market streets.) Roast the pigeons on their breasts for 20 to 25 minutes in a fairly hot oven (375 to 400 deg. F. or gas mark 5 to 6). Half-way through the cooking, turn the birds over, remove the fat (or vine leaves) and brown the breasts.

Meanwhile, make a gravy this way: Fry the chopped livers in a little butter. Add a chopped sprig of parsley, the tip of a teaspoon of grated lemon rind, a tiny pinch of grated nutmeg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon flour and seasoning to taste. Stir together over a low heat. Remove from the heat and stir in a small cup of stock (that made from a bouillon cube will do). Return to the heat and simmer for a few minutes, whilst stirring. Remove the trussing strings, cut each pigeon through the breast in two, and serve with the strained sauce.

—Helen Burke



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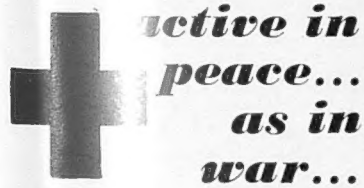
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